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THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1907.
A Courageous Executive Act.
Gov. Hughes has attained a new distinction. He is the first State executive to veto a two-cent fare bill. Other governors have entertained much the same opinion as Mr. Hughes of the unwise and impolitic character of legislation arbitrarily reducing railroad fares, but it has remained for the courageous chief magistrate of the Empire State, whose course of action has been notable for single-minded devotion to high ideals of public utility, to stamp such legislation with his disapproval, without fear of thoughtless misrepresentation of his motives or apprehension as to possible popular consequences.
The main reason for the governor's disapproval of the two-cent fare bill is that a better way has been provided by the legislature for the regulation of freight rates and passenger fares. Under the provisions of the public utilities bill the commission created by that legislation has ample power to fix passenger fares and freight rates, if, on inquiry, the existing rates and fares are found unreasonable and exorbitant. Gov. Hughes points out that the passage of the two-cent fare bill "was not preceded by legislative investigation or suitable inquiry under the authority of the State." No one knows whether the proposed reduction is fair or unfair, whether it will operate to the advantage of the public, or the reverse, whether it will so affect the revenues of the roads as to impair their earning capacity and injure the owners of the property, or whether the statute itself will be sustained by the courts. Yet the legislature rushed the bill through the general principle that the railroads ought to charge so much per mile, regardless of any other consideration than the length of the line, irrespective of density of traffic, expense of operation, or present rates of fare, which are in many cases less than the rate fixed by the measure. "In dealing with these questions," the governor remarks, "democracy must demonstrate its capacity to act upon deliberation and to deal justly." The New York legislature wholly ignored this excellent maxim of political conduct.
Let no one be misled into the error of settling down Gov. Hughes' veto as a corporation victory, as his enemies have already begun to do. It is far from anything of the sort. It is the judgment of a just man upon what he regards as a seriously mistaken policy—the policy, to quote his own words, "of dealing with matters of this sort arbitrarily, by legislative rule or general application, without reference to the demands of justice in particular cases." That policy the governor condemns as threatening the stability of business enterprise, and as substituting "unreason for sound judgment, the ill-considered demands of resentment for the spirit of fair play," making impossible "patient and honorable effort to correct abuses." Says he further: "It is of the utmost importance that the management of our railroad corporations should be subject to strict supervision by the State, and that regulations compelling the observance of the law and proper and adequate service should be rigidly enforced. It is the duty of the State to provide transportation of passengers and goods at reasonable rates, and the State should compel the performance of this obligation."
"But injustice on the part of railroad corporations toward the public does not justify injustice on the part of the State toward the railroad corporations. The fact that these in control of railroads have been guilty of grossly improper financing and of illegal and injurious discriminations in charges points clearly to the necessity of effective State action, but does not require or warrant arbitrary reprisals."
"It is of the greatest importance, not only that railroad corporations should be compelled to respect their public obligations, but also that they should be permitted to operate under conditions which will give a fair return for their service. Upon this depends not simply the security of investors, but the security of their employees and the protection of every form of industry and commerce through the maintenance and extension of necessary transportation facilities. Nothing could be more opposed to the interests of the community as a whole than to cripple transportation corporations by arbitrary reduction of earnings."
That is the square deal for which Gov. Hughes stands. It surrenders naught of public rights, nor does it imply an encroachment of the power of State control over common carriers. It simply aims to put that control on a plane of common justice to all the interests involved, and to take it out of the sphere of petty partisan politics. We propose to regulate public service corporations, says the governor, in substance, but we propose to do it with equity, and not with vengeance; in justice, not in malice. If that principle be unacceptable to the popular mind, then are we, indeed, upon evil days.

We commend Gov. Hughes' veto message as combining uncommon clarity of thought with sound common sense. Who

can doubt that it reflects the sober judgment of the masses of the people, not only in New York, but throughout the country?

"Winter plays a waiting game," sings a poet. A regular freeze-out!

The President at Rest.

President Roosevelt has departed from the seat of government for a time, to obtain such respite from the cares of state as the Chief Executive of 50,000,000 people may be able to snatch in a summer home connected by railroad, telephone, and telegraph with the throbbing outside world. It has been a strenuous season for President and people, such as has not been seen in these parts for a long while, but we are able to assure the country from the vantage ground of the National Capital that the Constitution, in spite of sundry deliverances to the contrary, is still intact, and that the fundamentals of the government remain firm and undisturbed. The shock and counter-shock of our institutions, to quote somebody or other's phrase, may occasion tremendous excursions, frightening the timid and alarming the apprehensive, but in the end it will be found, after the noise has died out, that nothing of any value has been smashed, and that the nation is solid on its foundations.

We say that the President has gone to Oyster Bay for rest. Possibly he may not rest; the Presidential conception of rest differs from that obtaining among less versatile folk. There are extant pretty strong state papers bearing the Oyster Bay date line, and that peaceful community has been the scene of many remarkable summertime performances. We cannot hold out any hope, even if we wished to, which we don't, that we shall not hear many interesting things from Oyster Bay during the dull season. Never mind; we have no sort of doubt the President will get all the recreation he needs and of just the kind he wants, whether it proves particularly restful to the remainder of us or not. To train for next winter's contest with Congress is no ordinary job, one would think, but it's mere play for our Executive Energy.

One of the probable Senators-to-be from Oklahoma is blind. He will not be the only member, however, that has eyes but only one.

Jersey Femininity.

New Jersey has long been famous for the pugnaclous proclivities of its mosquitoes. Question since that period of time, now lost in the dim and unimportant past, when the Jersey mosquito was first discovered, that nothing in mosquito-dom equals the Garden State's annual output. Nevertheless, it is somewhat surprising to learn that the insect there owes its fame chiefly to the circumstance that it is the female of the species alone which illustrates the stern strenuousness of the class, she being thoroughly endowed with those athletic traits few known to mark Jersey femininity in every walk of life.

As indicating Jersey female strenuousness among the humans, upon which is founded the State's direct and positive claim to preponderant courage and determination on the part of all things of supposed gentler nature, we herewith append an exhibit which must arrest attention, if not forever set aside all doubt: "Mrs. Dorothy Cort, of Newark, N. J., caught a burglar at home. He jumped out of the window. She jumped after him. He sprang over the wall; she sprang after him. He landed on the roof; she landed on the roof. He jumped down; she jumped down. He landed on the ground; she landed on the ground. He ran; she ran. He was caught; she was caught. He was hanged; she was hanged."

"Mrs. Ida Gills, of Newark, N. J., followed a 'solicitor' after missing her car. She caught him on board a car."

There are but a few of the multitudinous instances of New Jersey divinity in which lovely woman figures powerfully and with unmistakable emphasis. If there be molluscoides at all in Jersey, they exist among the men. It is neither the fashion nor the form for the Jersey girl to enact the role of clinging and shrinking shyness. As the weaker vessel, she declines to pose. Rather does she hug close to her heart the strenuous traits of her native heath and treads down the paths of glory militant, rampant, and unafraid.

We shall keep a weather eye on New Jersey. A State inhabited by such women and marked by such ideals must stalk toward a mighty destiny.

Moving on the Coal Trust.

There will be general public rejoicing over the legal move of the government against the common carriers engaged in the mining and transportation of anthracite coal. For a number of years the price of that necessity has been fixed by some intangible authority, which has become popularly known as the coal trust. The government's proceeding is not directed against that sovereign power, since it is of too elusive a nature to be subject to judicial scrutiny, but against certain railroads controlling 90 per cent of the total output. Monopolizing transportation facilities in the anthracite region, the coal roads have independent operators at their mercy, and have compelled them to enter into contracts giving coal carriers control of the independent output. These contracts the government seeks to annul. In addition, the government asks for the dissolving of certain railway mergers of competing lines, with the view of restoring normal competition among the coal-carrying roads.

The vital principle of the government's suit, therefore, is the restoration of competition, first, among the coal producers, and secondly, among the coal carriers. It is alleged in the government's petition that the coal roads have conspired to stifle competition among themselves in the transportation and sale of coal, and to prevent the sale of the independent output in competition with their own, thereby establishing a monopoly. If re-established, the price of coal would be competitive, bearing some definite relation to the cost of production and transportation, instead of a monopoly price, fixed according to other considerations, as at present. Should the government be able to force a resumption of competition among coal carriers and producers, a great boon would be conferred on domestic and industrial users of that commodity. Perhaps this is too much to expect, for even if the government's suit should be successful, there would still be an important element of monopoly in the control by closely affiliated interests of 90 per cent of the anthracite coal deposits.

The War Department accepts Senator Foraker's challenge and shows that there are 2,450 soldiers in the army with as

good records as Mingo Sanders. From this we infer that Mingo isn't as white as he has been painted.

A Good Man Gone.

It was no ordinary man that left us when John Tyler Morgan died. Year by year, since his entrance into the Senate three decades ago, he set an example of high statesmanship, of loyalty and patriotism, of absolute fidelity to right and justice, of pure and blameless private life, which went far toward offsetting the sinister manifestations of our national existence. Year by year he left a deeper imprint upon the record of the republic's progress. Year by year he pushed onward toward the ultimate goal, with no thought of pecuniary recompense, or of personal aggrandizement, but with the sole purpose of serving his country and his people faithfully and well. Few men in our history have approached more nearly to the ideal legislator than he. Sometimes we did not agree with him, perhaps, but always we knew that his speeches and his votes were the expressions of indubitable sincerity and incorruptible honesty, and that whatever he said or did was said or done because he thought it right. Always eager to advance the best interests of the people, he was nevertheless indifferent to mere public clamor, and no man was more independent or less an opportunist than he.

One by one the Old Guard leaves us—the warriors like Vest, and Hoar, and Morgan. But the good they did is not "interred with their bones." If all men in public life, no matter what their ability, shall strive to do their duty with such singleness of purpose as distinguished the career of John Tyler Morgan, his life will not have been in vain. We know that "well done" awaited him in the other world, and we know, too, that no public man of our times deserved such a reward more richly than he.

"I'll be in jail, or out, by next Thursday," says Overseer Voliva, of Zion City. The gentleman prophesies as if he had been trained in the weather department.

A Reason for "Waltz Me Around Again."

Next to the seriousness with which the tailors of Tooley street regarded themselves is that with which the dancing masters of this country seem to look upon the dignity and the usefulness of their calling. There was a meeting of the National Association of Masters of Dancing at Atlantic City recently, and while the whole subject of the terpsichorean art was gone into thoroughly, the most important point decided was that a dire war should be waged on the "two-step."

How large a part dancing may have had in our social system we, perhaps, would never realize until we learn the grounds on which the objection was based. The "two-step" keeps couples too far away from each other, forsooth, and therefore it has become a fatal obstacle to matrimony.

As against the "two-step," the dancing masters place the waltz, that entrancing agent of propinquity, which makes a girl lose her head and shout: "I feel like a ship on an ocean of joy." Hark to the voice of one of the "professors," as reported in the Boston Herald: "If the girls of the country realized how many men used to fall in love while they were gliding through the dreamy waltz of a few years ago, you would not be able to force them to gallop through a 'two-step.' Many a man who had no idea of making a proposal has thrown caution to the winds while he carried a pretty girl through the mazes of a Strauss waltz, with the 'wells' wailing a 'no strain.'"

Of course this wise dancing master is not the first to apostrophize the waltz. Still Byron went into ecstasies about it. Still the modern world will be glad to know the motives which inspire the change of the dancing masters. We are to be woe, wily-nilly—caught under a slippery floor, while the hand plays the "Blue Danube" and the thrifty spinster gets in her awful work.

Any man who wades through the Orchard testimony must look upon the much despised dime novel of his boyhood days as real Sunday school literature.

Also, we shall count that Day lost whose low descending sun sees by his lips no new tale of woe begun.

A Louisville bartender knocked a customer down to a scuffle row," says the Herald. The latter attempted to drink a mile-julep with a spoon. We cannot blame the dispenser of Kentucky's pride; there is a limit to the patience and forbearance of every man.

Marine Henry now says that his Democratic candidate's mustache is "long and flowing," and that he has "a winning smile." Tom Taggart?

Some one avers that Senator Danaher's greatest oratorical efforts run in funeral orations. This, however, probably is not the chief reason for the discussion as to his availability as a suitable Democratic standard bearer.

A Missouri burglar robbed the safe of the local ice dealer and got 55 cents for his pains. A man who would try to rob an ice company under present conditions deserves nothing better than a water haul.

"We love those who understand the delicate art of taking a joke," says a contemporary. The Johnstown (Pa.) Journal would fill your soul with delight. That paper takes all of our best jokes, and never even says "Thanks."

"Too many drugs," says Sir Fredrick Treves. Being a surgeon, Sir Fredrick naturally inclines to cut out the drugs.

President Cabrera, with true understanding of his responsibilities, had himself assassinated immediately after his inauguration. Those South American rulers are great sticklers for form and precedent.

"Speaker Cannon refuses to discuss the Ohio situation," notes the El Paso Herald. Nevertheless, he doubtless has frequent desire to cuss it.

"Lancaster and York are in danger of getting into a scuffle row," says the Philadelphia Press. It will hardly be another War of Roses, however.

"There is nothing in this world worse than smoking," says a physician. Nor in the next one either, for that matter.

"Umbrellas kept up by so-called trust," says a headline in the Baltimore News. Perhaps the trusts may yet learn to appreciate the advisability of coming in out of the rain.

"The tongue has often cut its master's throat," says the Baltimore American. That is one of the disadvantages of having a sharp tongue.

The Wheeling Intelligencer designates a correspondent as a "cheerful liar." Has it come to the point in this country where it is absolutely necessary to classify the liars?

Having declared that its anti-Andrew Jackson arguments were "mere persiflage," the Charlotte Observer further states that the verse advanced in a spirit of frivolity. Our contemporary's repentance is evidently deep and lasting.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

CONSTANTLY PURSUED.

Awful times some chaplains have, But you know? All the dreadful chappies rave Over them so. Constantly pursued are they, Apt to be Glibbed and married any day. Hully gee!

Chased and harried all the while, Hapless chaps! They are prey to tireless guile, Endless traps. Direful is their lot, I say, Apt to be Roped and married any day. Hully gee!

"I went into Wall Street," "And they swallowed you whole, eh?" "No; they shroddled me first."

The Aftermath. "Once I wrote my name on an egg," "And did you get a letter, Maude?" "Yes; two years later, from an actor."

Another Inquiry. And now at length, I wis, The birdies sing. But kindly tell me this: Who shot up spring?

The Modern Muse. "My dear, I have an order for a paltry story," "And what shall you write about, Bludyard?" "About 75,000 words. I think they'll stand for that many."

They Go Together. "What some lawn," "Third counter to your left, miss," "I guess I'd better follow her," murmured the bewildered suburban shopper. "I want some hose."

Romance in Chicago. "And you saw Muriel?" "I did," "Tell me, is she married?" "Yes," "One question more: Again, or yet?"

NOTHING SERIOUS.

From the Philadelphia Press. The Best Remedy. "Young man," said the merchant, "I hear you've been kicking because you've got so much to do."

"Well, yes, sir," replied the clerk, "I do think that—"

"H'm! we'll have to give you so much more to do hereafter that you won't have time to kick."

Sizing Her Up.

"You don't seem to like Miss Gabbie, Mrs. Malaprop," remarked Mrs. Browne. "Why is it?" "I detect her," replied Mrs. Malaprop, "because she's nothing but a scandal monger and everybody that knows her will collaborate that statement."

A Comparison.

"Admit I have the fault you mention," said the conceited man, self-complacently, "but it's the only fault I have and it's a small one."

Not Passive.

Miss Chatters—Miss Woodby told me she invited you to her party, but you failed to attend. Miss Swellman—That isn't quite true, I succeeded in not attending.

No Loading There.

"We are told, you know," said the trifter in love, "that the eyes are just the windows of the heart. Now, when I look into your eyes—"

"I hope to avert from the bright girl," you notice the signs in the windows."

Not All Her Own.

"It's ridiculous to say that any one could dance with artificial legs," said the dancing master. "Oh, I don't know. There's Madame Padden, the ballet dancer. I'd hate to say how much is artificial about hers."

Not Love Exactly.

Tess—Mr. Hunter seems to be in love with Miss Hoomley-Rich. Jess—Oh, I guess not. Tess—Well, I notice he's paying her marked attention. Jess—Yes, dollar-marked attention.

CAPITAL TOPICS.

Milwaukee Sentinel: The Washington Herald, which describes Mr. Taft as a "square man," doesn't seem to have got into the Secretary's curves.

Atlanta Georgian: The Washington Herald is still lamenting its failure to engage in conversation the Japanese general who only bowed to an English word in wide awake as that? We have plumbers who work us just that way, but they are not so brazen about it.

Columbia State: It appears, from a report in The Washington Herald, that Roosevelt revised that interview about the "nature-fakers" not once only, but several times, in proof. It would be of interest to know whether he added to or took from, or rolled like a sweet morsel under his tongue the fulsome non-sens about his great authority upon North American mammals quoted from a government official.

Our Ridiculous Art Tariff.

The statement is made that art dealers in this country have contrived to have a fictitious valuation placed on imported pictures at the custom houses, cheerfully paying the enhanced rates in order to be able to get a higher price from their customers. If this is true, it is time that the government should cease to be a party to any such proceeding. Incidentally, the issue tends to show the folly of keeping a tariff on works of art and again urging its abolition.

Full Dress for Our Jackies.

From the Denver Republican. As a pleasing compromise in the navy uniform question, why not provide each Jacky with an evening suit, to replace his "slaps" when he goes to dancing parties?

Work Ahead for Somebody.

From the New York Herald. Government, it seems, may send Secretary Taft to Japan to straighten matters out. How would you like to be the Japanese man?

MEN AND THINGS.

Aoki's Trip Postponed.

Viscount Aoki, the Japanese ambassador, is showing a very commendable disposition to aid in the suppression of the Jingoism on both sides of the Pacific, which, within the last few days, has afforded an excuse for much talk of war in the yellow press, both Japanese and American. For one thing, the ambassador has decided to postpone his trip to the Pacific Coast, plans for which were made some time ago. He is of the opinion that his presence in the section which has been the scene of the happenings that have given rise to all the existing agitation, might be misunderstood. Originally his idea was that by putting himself in personal touch with conditions on the coast he would be better able to do his part toward bringing about a cessation of friction between his country and the United States, but recent developments have caused him to change his mind. He thinks now that no good could be accomplished by making the contemplated journey at this time, but that, on the contrary, further ill-feeling might be provoked by his appearance in California. The trip has now been postponed to any specific date, and it is quite possible that it may not be made at all. The ambassador's plans were in no way connected with those of Secretary Strauss, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, who expects to go to the coast soon and make a personal investigation of immigration conditions there, as they affect the Japanese.

The President and Profanity.

Since persona familiar with President Roosevelt's literary works have called attention to the circumstance that in his book, "The Rough Riders," he speaks quite casually of swearing at some of his men, it appears that comments on his occasional use of "cuss words" may be made with perfect propriety. Although Carroll D. Wright declared that "By George" was the strongest expression Mr. Roosevelt ever employed, those who are frequently brought into contact with the President know that when the occasion seems to demand glib language, he is there with the goods, as the slang expression of the day has it. He is not an habitual swearer, but he is, nevertheless, quite familiar with the "cuss words" which form a part of the vocabulary of the average man, and he does not hesitate to use them, in private conversation, if the degree of positiveness and vigor he desires cannot be indicated otherwise. Aside, possibly, from the period during which he was in command of the Rough Riders, the most striking illustration of the President's ability in this line was on the occasion of the accident at Pittsburgh, Pa., in which Secret Service operative Craig lost his life. The motorman of the car which dashed into the Presidential carriage with that fatal result was made the object of a tongue-lashing, which he never will forget. Mr. Roosevelt, for the moment, at least, was of the opinion that the accident was the result of the railway employee's carelessness, and was tremendously angry in consequence.

Senator-to-be Bankhead.

John Hollis Bankhead, whose appointment as the successor of John Tyler Morgan in the United States Senate, is incumbent on Gov. Comer as a result of the operation of the Alabama primary system, has been out of Congress only three and one-half months—that is, since the close of the last session. For eighteen years prior to that time he was continuously a member of the House. In the pre-convention campaign preceding the Congressional elections of 1904, Mr. Bankhead was vigorously opposed for renomination by Richmond Pearson Hobson, who, however, was unsuccessful. Last year the hero of the Merrimac returned to the attack, and this time defeated his veteran opponent and received the Democratic nomination, thus insuring his election in November. That defeat probably is responsible for the circumstance that Mr. Bankhead will have a seat in the Senate when the Sixtieth Congress convenes, for it is considered altogether unlikely that if he were a member of the House to-day he would be selected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Morgan. The Senator-to-be is not rated as conspicuously able man, or one whose ideas rise far above the limitations of "practical" politics. He is fifty-five years of age, a native of Alabama, and an ex-Confederate soldier. His connection with Alabama politics dates from the reconstruction period, when he was a member of the General Assembly. From 1881 to 1885 he was warden of the State penitentiary.

Negroes Do Not Like Wright.

Recent developments indicate that the feeling of resentment toward President Roosevelt which most of the negroes of the country have manifested since the discharge of the colored battalion stationed at Brownsville, Tex., when the trouble occurred there last August, has been intensified by the appointment of Pearl Wright of New Orleans, to be commissioner of Internal revenue. Mr. Wright has been identified with the "illy-white" policy of Louisiana Republicans, and his selection by the President is regarded with distaste by the negroes. Nor are they pleased, by any means, because John G. Capper is to serve as commissioner until Mr. Wright is ready to take up the duties of the position. "That that of this man Wright, we can imagine no worse selection, unless it be that of poor John Cappers, for whom we profess some sympathy, although he is a two-faced political pirate," says the New York National Review, a negro paper, said to possess considerable influence among members of the race. "We don't abuse," the paper continues, "it is hard, however, to keep him in view of the political weather. All of which would seem to indicate that the outlook for negro support of delegates to the next Republican national convention pledged to Secretary Taft or his candidates of 'the type,' is not altogether bright."

Smith for Vice President.

Newspapers friendly to William Alden Smith, of Michigan, who succeeded to the Senatorial seat of the late Russell A. Alger, are suggesting that the Republicans could do no better than to nominate the new Senator for Vice President next year. As qualifying him for the place, it is pointed out that he is "an ardent and enthusiastic supporter of the policies promulgated by President Roosevelt"—a recommendation without which the claims of no Republican candidate for office are complete. The Michigan Review, and that his service in the House have given him a deep and clear insight into public affairs. Some of the Michigan papers are saying that that State has remained in the background of national politics long enough, and that a campaign to make Senator Smith, the Vice Presidential nominee will be advantageous, even though unsuccessful.

A Notable Career.

A notable educational career, which closed with the commencement of the University of Iowa, was that of Prof. Amos Noyes Currier, dean of the faculty of the college of liberal arts, of that institution. He has been a professor forty years, and connected with the Iowa University twenty years. He is a native of New Hampshire.

THE OPTIMIST.

There is a world of humanity in a graveyard. There are moods in which all of us find a certain grim sort of satisfaction in walking with quiet tread along the well-kept pathways, bordered with grass that seems greener than elsewhere, and letting our thoughts play around those silent hummocks and the old but eloquent stones that mark the goal to which we all must come at last. It is a curious thing that we—pessimists and optimists alike—knowing full well to what end all our labors, our hopes, our strivings are leading us, feel no fear of death. Did we but stop to think there are a thousand perils besetting us on every hand, which not even the most timorous and cowardly amongst us really does, how few could go about the day's business, or, indeed, think the day's business worth while.

From the graveyard what a world of inspiration the hopeful man may draw! Here beneath the turf lie the mere shells of those who in life accomplished things. The machine lies here rusting, but the work the machine did, if it was good, is still in the world benefiting mankind. It was Ruskin who said: "It is not the man who is dead, but the man who is not."

"Men cannot benefit those that are with them as they can benefit those that come after them; and of all the help from which human life is ever in the shadow of the valley, of course, in spite of this, our work is yet to do, and we must do it bravely and without flinching, and pray that the work may be good. But, having this high resolve, we still may be permitted to think of the graveyard, where—"

"There is a realm for those who weep. A rest for weary pilgrims found. They softly lie and sweetly sleep Low in the ground."

Too closely we have adopted the old Latin motto: "Ars longa, vita brevis." Life is not so short, after all. We are apt to measure life by eternity, as if we knew all about the period before and after life, when, in very truth, we know nothing.

"Not one returns to tell us of the road Which to discover we must travel, too."

Life is long enough, for weariness and pain and illness and grief over loss of friends. It is long enough, also, for a brave plunge into the real business of living; long enough for striving; long enough for loving; long enough for real and honest achievement. And, at the last, the graveyard, quiet, peaceful, and at rest! It is not a place for despondency, but for hopefulness. It invites not to doubt, but to faith. It should correct that melancholy and rather whining yearning for the tomb, and send us back to life with renewed determination to make the most of the years that yet remain. With clear-eyed faith in the nobleness of human destiny, we may say, with Longfellow: "I like that ancient Roman phrase which calls The human good God's Acre! It is just; It estimates each grave as it is paid; And breathes a benison over the sleeping dust."

OUR RELATIONS WITH JAPAN.

News Papers Generally Minimize Importance of Present Agitation.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. It is certain that the government at Washington is going to have diplomatic trouble upon trouble, as long as the Pacific slope, and especially San Francisco, persists in its irritating and short-sighted policy. San Francisco has caused nearly all the trouble from the start.

From the Boston Transcript. Our dual system of government, by which the nation has to father the consequences of the inefficiency or misdeeds of local authorities over whom it has no actual control, exposes us to just such experiences as we are now having with Japan, and we shall run these risks and even graver ones until aliens are placed by law under the protection of the Federal courts.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal. The people are asked to believe that an Asiatic power is in effect insisting that we must change our government in order to have peace. But there is not the slightest ground for such a charge. The government, whose recent course has been safe and sane, is taking any such a position. Our worst enemies are those of our own household. "Back to the Constitution."

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

Should the Japanese opposition gain power, its action could hardly be different from that of the present administration. Should its action be different, it could not make the policy of the American government any different than it is now.

From the New York Times. The cordial and friendly feelings of the immense majority of the American people toward Japan are well understood in the capital of the empire, and they have there, too, a proper appreciation of the significance of the localized prejudice in San Francisco. They do not construe it as an evidence that all Americans dislike all Japanese, any more than we charged against Japan a similar unkindness when Mr. Harriman's hat was knocked off in Tokyo.

From the Baltimore American. It is a matter for gratification that the authorities at Washington are stiffening their backbone and giving at least negative backing to the hand of this country's friends in the East. It is to be hoped that they are also taking active steps toward the instant making of ships at Manila and the increase of the navy by the purchase of the war ships that certain South American countries, as well as some others, would gladly dispose of to the United States.

From the New York Evening Post. We do not regard the tension with Japan as alarming, but it surely should be sobering. We see our own methods turned against us. As the philosopher Mr. Dooley pointed out last Sunday, we have immemorably gone on the assumption that the foreigner existed only to be ridiculed and insulted by us. "That's what they were fit for," but now we have found out, to our disgust, that they have as much sensitiveness and pride as we have, and that they resent our brutality. "Why, be heavens, it won't be long till we'll have to be threaten' 'em," as some of our fellows would say.

What Roosevelt Stands For.

From the Cleveland Leader. The President stands always for liberty, always for justice, always for earnest effort in the duties of life. He was never more effective in his appeal along these lines than at Jamestown.

The Tariff to the Front.

From the Richmond Times-Dispatch. The people make the paramount issue, and we believe that they will force the tariff to the front in the next campaign. Neither Mr. Bryan nor Mr. Roosevelt will be able to prevent it.

No Leisure for Anybody.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal. Certainly we have no "leisure sex." While the one never has a "leisure fix" to wear and is eternally being fitted, the other never has a dollar to call its own, and is eternally hustling to pay the fitter.

AT THE HOTELS.

"Although the Democrats have gone ahead and elected State officers and chosen two United States Senators, there is no certainty that any of them will ever hold office," said Mr. O. W. Cromwell, attorney general of Oklahoma, at the Metropolitan.

"It is very probable that Statehood will fall entirely, owing to the onerous constitution that has been framed, for the Supreme Court of Oklahoma takes a view adverse to that instrument the present injunction against its proclamation will be made permanent, and the old Territorial status will have to be maintained some time longer. It will be very tantalizing to Messrs. Owen and Huffman, who won in the Democratic primaries for Senator, to be deprived of the coveted honor, but there is many a slip between an Oklahoma election and a Senatorial togo."

"I left New York City seven years ago for Albuquerque, N. Mex., and I shall always be glad that I made the change," said Mr. Thomas F. Morris, at the Riggs House. "There is something